A Brief Autobiography

of

William Alexander Pool, D. D.

also a

History of a Branch

of the

Pool Family

From A. D. 1500 to 1924

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A BRIEF TRADITIONAL HISTORY

of his branch of the Pool family from A. D. 1500 to the present time, as related by his grandfather and father when the writer was a little boy.

By the author:
W. A. Pool,
Mansfield, Texas,
December 1, 1923

FOREWORD

At my earnest solicitation, nearly three years ago, my uncle, Rev. W. A. Pool, D. D., of Mansfield, Texas, consented to give a brief sketch of his own life, and some facts relating to the history of our branch of the Pool family. The younger members of this family know comparatively nothing of their ancestry, my parents having removed from my native state, North Carolina, more than fifty years ago. My uncle who is now nearly seventy seven years old, and not as vigorous physically as he was at forty, is entitled to our heartfelt gratitude for his labor of love as shown in the following pages.

Wade Hill Pool

Baylor University
December 26, 1923

7-14-53
Gift of Mrs. R. M. Fox

Autobiography of W. A. Pool

At the request of my children and a number of relatives and friends, I am undertaking to write the following brief sketch of my life.

I was born May 17, 1847, in Alexander County, North Carolina. My father was Rev. William Pool; my mother's maiden name was Miss Mary Austin. She and my father were married April 30, 1829.

I was the tenth child in the family and the fifth son. I was reared on a farm away from the busy strife of the world. I never saw a railroad until I was almost a grown man. My father was a Baptist preacher and hence was away from home a great deal when I was a boy. My mother was a noble Christian woman, but she ruled her family in no uncertain way. Her boys never went hunting or fishing, or in any other way strolled over the country on the Sabbath day. And every other day when night came she knew where they all were. So I am glad to say, unhesitatingly, that I owe more to her for what I am today, than to any other person who ever lived.

I guess I was rather a precocious child, for I remember a good many things which occurred when I was a little more than three years old. I remember distinctly when I awoke to the consciousness that I was a lost sinner and accountable to Almighty God. That was in the summer after I was four years old in May, and was on this wise: a great aunt of ours had died at our home and the day they went to bury her I, with a brother and sister, and some one to look after us, stayed at home. We children were out in the yard, feeling very sad and I said, "Well, Aunt Rebecca is gone and we will never see her again." My sister, who was four years older than I, said, "Why Aunt Rebecca is gone to Heaven and we can see her when we die and go there."

"Well," I said, "where is Heaven and what is Heaven?" Then my sister in her childish way told me that Jesus came from Heaven to this world and died and rose to life again and went back to Heaven so that all good people might go to Heaven when they die and live with Him forever. So from that day I always knew that I was a lost sinner and needed a Savior.

Now, I do not know any reason why I might not have then been led to trust in Christ for salvation, but I was not. I suppose no one thought of trying to lead one so young to

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Christ. But I had many sad and serious thoughts about my lost condition.

There was another occurrence that made an impression on my heart that I have never gotten rid of. An old lady somewhere in our community had died and her family, some time after her burial, sent for a very noted preacher to come and preach her funeral. My father and mother went to hear him and I went along. His name was S. P. Smith. The church at which he preached had built an arbor and services were under it. My mother and I took a front seat near the pulpit, but the crowd kept pressing up for seats till mother told me to sit on the ground at her feet. The preacher was a fine looking man, large, and with a commanding voice. I remember his text till yet. It was Romans 14:10. I remember many points he made. I sat there at mother's feet and trembled. He preached over my head to the great congregation little dreaming that he was sowing seeds of the gospel in the heart of a little boy, sitting before him on the ground, that would spring up and bring forth fruit sixty years and more from that time in far away Texas.

I have given these early impressions that whoever reads them may take notice of the children.

My Conviction of Sin and Conversion

I have said I knew I was a sinner from the time I was about four years old, but I do not think I was thoroughly convicted of sin until I was about eleven years old. That came about this way: We were at a protracted meeting in the neighborhood; the preacher was inviting penitents and my oldest brother, the late Captain N. A. Pool, came to me and talked to me about my soul and I went to the "anxious seat". But I was not converted until I was sixteen years old. Much of the time during those years I was in deep trouble over my lost condition. I read the New Testament through several times and the Old Testament once, seeking the way. Often I would lie awake at night thinking and trying to pray. I would think, "Now if the Judgment Day should come before morning, my father, mother, and all my brothers and sisters would be saved, and I alone, will be turned off to the left hand and go down to Hell." Sometimes it seemed like I could almost see the Judge in His brightness and glory look on me as He pronounced the sentence that fixed my doom forever. But I realized that it would be just, for I knew that I was a sinner.

But I finally found "Peace, Sweet Peace". I wish I could write it down just how it was; but I have never been able either to tell or write how it was. It occured on the twenty

third of July, 1863. I was attending a protracted meeting at Antioch church in Alexander county, North Carolina. The preacher, at the close of his sermon, invited all who wanted to be saved to come and take a front seat. I went, with a number of others. After a little while he askd us all to kneel at our seat and someone led in prayer. When the rest rose up from prayer I did not rise; I remained kneeling and someone started a song, the old hymn "Amazing Grace". The first stanza caught my attention and held it. I let my mind eddy about the thoughts it provoked. The congregation sang on, but I said, "There was a man lost but grace found him; I am lost, so why may not grace find me? He says he was blind but grace gave him sight. I am blind, but why may not grace give me sight?" And somehow as I thus thought and prayed, I was enabled to reach up the hand of faith and the Almighty Savior took hold of it, and that peace which passeth all understanding came down into my soul and I said, "Glory to God! I'm saved!" I think I realized what the poet meant when he said, "Tongue can never express the sweet comfort and peace of a soul in its earliest love."

I rose up and shook hands with all I met and shouted all over the house.

Now that will soon be sixty years ago (I am writing this the eighteenth day of March, 1923, and that was the twenty third day of July, 1863). I am sure that during all these years, while I have sometimes been in the dark and have often done things I ought not to have done, and at times my faith has grown weak and I have almost forgotten Him, He has never for one moment forgotten me. But His love for me is just as new and fresh and strong today as it was that day when I first trusted Him, and with humble heart I can say:

"The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures."

I joined the church and was baptized at the close of that meeting.

My Call to the Ministry

Soon after I was baptized I began to be impressed that it was my duty to be a preacher. I thought it was altogether impossible from every point of view. I was just a boy; had no education, and the War Between the States was on us and I saw no chance in the world to get an education. But strangest of all was the fact that others began to think that I was called

to preach. I remember one day in a prayer meeting at the close of a song the leader called on me to lead in prayer. Well, I hesitated, and an older brother standing near me and seeing I hesitated, I suppose, put his hand gently on my shoulder and said, "Lean to the yoke, my young brother." So I tried to pray. I do not know what I said, but as we rose up from prayer a good sister came round shaking hands, and as she grasped my hand she began to shout and praise the good Lord for calling another man to preach the gospel. But I could not see my way to make a preacher. I was very shy and backward in the presence of others, I had always been a home-boy and had been afflicted and bed-ridden for a good deal of my life. I think for at least half of my life up to this time I had been unable to walk without crutches. So I said it was altogether impossible for me to become a preacher. I suffered untold agony about it until one day mother and I were at home alone and I told her about my trouble. She said, "Well my son, if it is the Lord's will that you make a preacher He can open the way for your preparation". Then she led me into a room and closed the door. We kneeled down by a chest that was in the room and she put her hand on my head and prayed for me. That prayer has been a "pillar of fire by night and a pillar of cloud by day" to me all through these years. She died in 1865, and I have often wondered as I have gone about preaching and leading multitudes of lost souls to Christ and baptizing saved souls into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and the Holy Spirit, if, as she looks down from her heights of glory, she is satisfied with the work of her boy. But most of all, is the blessed Christ satisfied with the work of His servant?

But to go back to the summer of 1865. After crops were laid by, my brother, J. B. Pool, who had been first lieutenant in Company G of the Thirty Seventh Regiment of North Carolina troops, started a school at Center Church, Alexander county, North Carolina and I entered it. But very soon Brother N. A. Pool learned that Wake Forest College was starting up again after its suspension during the latter part of the war, so he, who had a wonderful ability to bring things to pass, made arrangements for me to go there. I went to Wake Forest without being licensed to preach, and during the winter of 1865-66 I applied to the Board of Ministerial Education for aid, but their rule was not to aid any man who was not licensed or ordained. So I wrote to my home church and they licensed me the second Sunday in February, 1866. I shall never cease to be thankful to God for what Wake Forest did for me.

The first time I ever tried to preach, or conduct a religious service alone, was in March, 1866. Rev. Addison Purefoy, who lived on the College Hill, was pastor of a country church about ten miles from the College. Early one Saturday morning he sent for me to come to his house.. I went and he said, "Bro. Pool, I am sick and I want you to go to my church and preach for them today and tomorrow. There may not be many out today, so if you think best, just have a prayer service and conference." I tried to beg off, but he insisted, so I went. When I got there the brethren knew the horse I was riding and supposed I was a student come in Bro. Purefoy's place. We soon got acquainted. I read the Twenty Third Psalm, had a very pleasant service, went home with one of the brethren and stayed all night. Sunday there was a fine congregation and I tried to preach. My text was Hebrews 9:27. Old Bro. Kennedy, I think his name was, who was at that time moderator of the Central Association, was there, and after the sermon, or talk, came and shook my hand and spoke encouragingly to me about my sermon.

In 1867 my health failed and I had to leave Wake Forest. I went home and began to preach as opportunity offered. In the year 1868, in January I think, I was called to the pastorate of Sulphur Springs church and was ordained to the full work of the ministry by Three Forks church in Alexander county, North Carolina, of which church I was a member. The ordaining presbytery was composed of my father, Rev. Wm. Pool, Rev. R. L. Steele and Rev. D. B. Brown. My time was soon taken up by neighboring churches in my native county. My work was greatly blessed. I held some wonderful meetings and baptized hundreds of people.

In the spring of 1868 I opened a literary school at Sulphur Springs and taught school for four or five years, preaching every Saturday and Sunday as pastor of nearby country churches.

In 1873 I moved to Jerusalem, in Davie County, North Carolina and took work as missionary of the Yadkin Association—that was before the South Yadkin Association was organized. My field of work was to be in Rowan county. There was no Baptist church in Salisbury, North Carolina at that time and but one or two very weak churches in all Rowan county. There was an old Baptist preacher living in Salisbury—I do not recall his name now. I think he was just a licensed preacher and was a shoemaker by trade. I was looking over the city one day and hunted him up, went into his little shop, introduced myself and he said, "Yes, I have heard of you." Then he looked me over and said, "You look to be a young man.

Have you come here to try to build up the Baptist cause in Salisbury?" I replied that I had, and then he said, "Well, if the Association is able to keep you here until you wear out and die of old age, then send another young man, by the time he dies of old age they may begin to see some fruits, for I tell you this is a hopeless field." But "see what God hath wrought!" For I gather from reading the Biblical Recorder that there are at this time several Baptist churches in Salisbury and quite a good many in Rowan county.

But my health failed in the fall of 1873 and I moved back to Alexander county. In the summer of 1874 my fellow-citizens elected me clerk of the Superior Court and Ex-Officio Judge of Probate Court for Alexander county, which offices I held for eight years. I preached almost every Sunday for the church in Taylorsville, and nearby country churches. There was not a church in the county at that time that had more than once-a-month preaching. In 1882 my friends again nominated me for the office I held, but I declined the nomination and accepted an appointment from the State Mission Board as missionary at Lenoir and in Caldwell county. So in December 1882 I rented a house at Powelton, near Lenoir, and moved there. I was called to the pastorate of Lower Creek church at Powelton in Caldwell county and to Antioch, across the line in Alexander county, so I gave only half my time to the mission work. In 1887, I think it was, I organized the First Baptist Church in Lenoir, bought a lot and began to build a church on it.

In the fall of 1889 I was called to the pastorate of the Baptist church in Statesville, North Carolina. My work at Lenoir and in Caldwell county had been one of the most pleasant kind, but I thought the hand of duty pointed to Statesville, and I moved there in October, 1889. The membership of the Statesville church cooperated with me after a most noble fashion in the Lord's work, but in the summer of 1892 my health failed again. My physician told me I must get away from there or go to my grave. So the first Sunday in January, 1893, I offered my resignation as pastor and the church accepted it. On the twenty fourth day of January, 1893, I with my family, boarded the train for Texas. No one can tell how hard it is to break the ties of a lifetime until he tries it. But now I must go among strangers not knowing whether I would ever be able to preach again. I had been thoroughly identified with the denomination for twenty years and I loved the brethren.

We arrived at my brother's, the late Captain N. A. Pool, the twenty seventh day of January, 1893. I bought a little

farm near my brother, in Tarrant county, Texas. The climate here seemed to agree with me, so that by the fall of 1893 I was able to preach again. I was called soon to some country churches here in Tarrant county, Texas, and have been here ever since. The brethren have treated me in a way far beyond what I deserve, at least I feel that they have. The Lord has wonderfully blessed my ministry. I have baptized hundreds of people. I have seen this Association (the Tarrant County) grow from a weak body of sixteen churches with a membership of about sixteen hundred to be one of the strongest associations in the Southern States.

I have attended most of the Baptist General Conventions of the State, and most of the Southern Baptist Conventions since I came to Texas. I am in most hearty sympathy with the denomination in all its work for the bringing in of the Kingdom of our Lord.

I was moderator of the Tarrant County Baptist Association for nineteen years, but at the last meeting of the Association, on account of the infirmities of old age, I declined a re-election. I was elected every time by acclamation and if I ever had any opposition I did not know it. The brethren courteously elected me moderator emeritus for life.

I was a member of the State Board of Missions for a number of years, and was a member of the Board of Trustees of the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary from its founding until I was unable to attend its meetings on account of afflictions which came upon me a few years ago. So, because of these advantages I have been associated with some of the greatest men of this generation. I was very intimate with Dr. B. H. Carroll for a number of years and I think he was easily one of the greatest mental giants of this or any other age. I was much with Dr. J. B. Gambrell, who had the quickest mind and was one of the most agreeable men I ever knew. I was often with Dr. R. C. Buckner in Board meetings and other religious meetings and I give it as my honest conviction that he had the sweetest Christian disposition of any man I ever knew, and that in his line, he was the greatest man in the world. I could mention other men, great and good they are, but they are still living and so I desist. I want to say, however, that while I have been a country preacher—and sometimes I have known a spirit of jealousy to exist between country pastors and city pastors—there has always been the very tenderest fellowship between me and the pastors in the city of Fort Worth. In fact, they have all seemed to prefer me before themselves.

I have never in all my ministry been forced to resign the pastorate of a church or had another man called over me. I

have often met with brethren out of work, seeking work, good men, no doubt, and strong men, some of them. I do not understand it, for I have never failed to have all the work I could do, and more calls than I could fill. Now I am not writing this in a spirit of boastfulness, but in a spirit of humble gratitude to let my readers know how the good Lord has blessed me and how good the brethren have been to me.

I have heard some say a Christian, that is a man genuinely converted, never doubts. Well, I do not so well know about that. I believe I have been converted, regenerated, born again, and I have often been sorely tempted to doubt my conversion to say the very least, and not only my conversion but my call to the ministry and everything else in connection with my relation to the Christian religion. I think I may be pardoned here if I give one sore temptation through which I passed. Some time before the Commencement at Baylor University in 1920, Dr. Brooks wrote me about the Diamond Jubilee they were going to have in connection with the Commencement and among other things he said the Board of Trustees had instructed him to confer on me the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Divinity, if I would attend the Commencement and receive it. At first I was greatly surprised. I had never sought the honor, I had not expected it, in fact, I had never for one moment thought myself worthy of such an honor. As I thought about it I soon fell into temptation to doubt everything about my conversion and my call to the ministry and to conclude my whole life a failure. I said in my heart; "Now if this is all a mistake and I have never been converted and if I have never been called to the ministry, and go down there and receive the Degree of Doctor of Divinity how awful it will be when I come to the Judgment Day and am turned off to the left hand as a hypocrite. The devils shall jeeringly point at me in the presence of all the assembled intelligences of the universe and tauntingly say, "There goes a Doctor of Divinity down to Hell'." I thought and prayed much about it. But finally I said, "Get thee behind me, Satan, for I know whom I have believed and He is able to keep that which I have committed against that day." So I went to Baylor and received the Degree. I have been sorely tempted to doubt at other times but I can joyfully say:

"Through many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come,
'Tis Grace has brought me safe thus far
And Grace will lead me home.
The Lord has promised good to me
His word my hope secures,
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures."

And now that I am going down into old age and am already feeling some of the infirmities of age, unhesitatingly say that nothing gives so much comfort as a firm trust in the promises which God has given in His blessed book, the Bible.

One night I was suffering from rheumatism so I could not sleep and as I tossed about on my bed, I began to quote the twenty first chapter of Revelations and when I came to the fourth verse, "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain," I stopped there and said, "Oh, thank God for the promise of sweet rest in Heaven." And as I thought about it I went to sleep. Let me tell you the best antidote for insomnia is to quote a portion of Scripture, or some gospel hymn. I have gone to sleep many a time on the twenty third Psalm, "Amazing Grace", "Alas and Did My Savior Bleed", "There Is a Fountain Filled With Blood", "On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand" and many other portions of Scripture and hymns. Just try it for yourself and see how it will work.

My Home Life

Now I want to give a brief account of my home life in my childhood and young manhood, and later when I married and undertook to build a home of my own. It may be interesting to my children, at least.

As I have said before in this narrative, I was the tenth child in my father's family and the fifth son. My two oldest sisters died before I was born. The second son in the family died in 1857, when I was about ten years old. Much that I have written in my history of the Pool family, in fact all, I may say about my ancestors being related to Reginald Pole who was a Cardinal in the Catholic Church during the reign of Henry VIII of England, my grandfather told me when I was a little boy. He said Reginald Pole's mother was a neice of King Edward IV of England and was the Duchess of Salisbury.. She had four sons. Reginald was the oldest and was educated for the priesthood and rose in the Church to be a Cardinal. But when King Henry VIII undertook to sever the relation between England and the Catholic Church and set up the Church of England, with himself as the head, Pole disagreed with him, especially on the question of divorce. This so enraged the King that he ordered Pole, his mother and all his brothers to be thrown into prison and soon afterward issued a decree that they should all be executed. But Reginald Pole, being a Cardinal, escaped, and a monk who was a friend of the family, slipped the youngest son away and carried him to Wales. He was my grandfather's grandfather. But the

mother and two of her sons were executed. The youngest son who was carried to Wales changed his name by dropping the final "e" and inserting another "o" before the "l" making it "Pool" instead of "Pole." Grandfather said the two spellings were pronounced alike in Wales. I do not know about that, but I do know that grandfather was very, very careful that the final "e" should never be put to his name, always "Pool" instead of "Poole."

Grandfather was very proud of the fact that he could trace his ancestors back to the royal family of the Edwards of England. I remember when I was a little boy he would take me between his knees, put his hand on my head and say, "My son, always be a good man and remember you have royal blood in your veins." I must confess, I never thought that fact—if indeed it be a fact—amounted to much in my case, for I believe a man's greatness arises from what he is rather than from what his ancestors were. He thought the Duchess of Salisbury left a large estate in England and that he was entitled to part of it, but I remember hearing him tell my father one time that he had consulted a lawyer about it and that he said there were two things in the way that he thought would prevent him getting anything. One was proving that he descended from that son of the Duchess who escaped execution and fled to Wales, and the other was, if the Duchess was executed for treason, her estate escheated to the crown. So I never heard him say any more about it. I suppose he gave it up.

Since I have grown to manhood and read English History I find that much that grandfather had receivd from his father by tradition concerning King Henry VIII and Reginald Pole and the Duchess of Salisbury, is in history. So that, at least, gives a coloring of truth to his tradition for I am sure he had never read English History.

My father was a man of an iron will. He was never intimate with his children, never played with them as I have always done with mine. I do not remember him ever taking me on his lap and telling me stories as I have always delighted to do with my children. Yet he was not cruel to us. I do not remember that he ever struck me a lick in my life or punished me in any way except by repulsion. I have often wondered at his manner, but I have concluded it was because he was so burdened with his work as a minister of the gospel. He had had no early advantages especially in the study of language. I have heard him say he would always regret that he had no better knowledge of his mother tongue yet, for his day, he was an able preacher. I have heard him preach some truly great sermons and I am sure he was a good man so I confidently expect to meet him at the foot of the Great White Throne.

I thought my brother—the late Captain N. A. Pool—and my oldest sister, Elizabeth, now dead, were the best brother and sister in all the world and I have never had any reason to change my opinion of them. So my surroundings in my childhood were exceedingly fortunate. During the summer after I was six years old in May, I had a long spell of sickness and from then until I was fourteen years old I was most of the time unable to walk without crutches because of rheumatism. During this time I attended the free school in the neighborhood—the school house was near our home—when I was able to go. The teacher's name was Elijah Watts. He passed by our house going to school and often carried me on his back when I was unable to walk.

In February, 1857, a very sad bereavement came to our home. My brother Jesse died. He was about twenty-one years old, a noble young man in every sense of the word. I think he had the most retentive memory I ever knew, he was a humble Christian character too. He had a most triumphant death. He had been seemingly unconscious for several hours of everything around him, but was singing in an undertone the old hymn "There is a Land of Pure Delight." All at once he opened his eyes and looked intelligent. Sister Elizabeth started to sponge his lips but he waved her away and said: "You can't get to me. The angels have come to carry me to Heaven." He only breathed once more.

In 1861 the Civil War began. My two oldest brothers volunteered at once and went to the front. N. A. was Captain of Company K in the 7th Regiment of N. C. Troops, and J. B. was 1st Lieutenant of Company G in the 37th Regiment.. Brother C. C. who was only two years older than I, did not join the army till 1863. They were under Stonewall Jackson and were in all the fighting in Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania. I shall never be able to describe the pall of gloom that settled down over the entire country during those terrible days of blood and carnage. My brothers all got home alive, they were all wounded but not seriously. I remember one day in 1865, soon after they got home, we had a sort of family reunion and my mother said she thought we ought to have a prayer of thanksgiving for their safe return. Mother died in August, 1865, and I can say unhesitatingly that no man ever had a better mother than she.

After I came home from Wake Forest College I taught school for a few years, an account of which I have given above. While I was teaching I boarded in the home of the late J. L. Davis, than whom I have never known a better man and the mantle of the noble father seems to have fallen on the shoulders of his accomplished sons—Wm. Jeff, and Rev. R. Lee Davis—both of whom I delight to number among my best friends.

On the 12th day of December, 1869, I was married to Miss Sarah Arispia Drumm. She was a noble, queenly woman. There

were born to us four children: Petrolia, Dora, Robert and Howard. Howard died in infancy. We lived happily together till August 7th, 1877, when she died. She was conscious at the last and sang as she went away some lines of "Jesus Lover of My Soul." Robert lived to be a grown young man and had entered Baylor University to prepare for the ministry. He fell sick in the fall of 1896, not serious at first, but he came home the 14th of November and rapidly grew worse until the 4th day of December 1896, when he died. The oldest daughter—Pedie we called her—married W. C. Kitchen June 21, 1894. She died February 28, 1922. She leaves five children, four daughters and one son. She was a good woman, held in high esteem by all who knew her.

Dora married C. A. Deal, December 21, 1892. She with her family are now living at Alto, Texas.

I married the second time March 12, 1878, Miss Lillie Dale Matheson, daughter of the late Hon. J. P. Matheson of Taylorsville, N. C.. We lived happily together until August 19, 1913, when she died very suddenly. Now, nothing I can say, or eulogy I can pronounce can add any lustre to the queenly virtues of this noble woman. When she died the whole world looked black to me. I said, "I am growing old, and now I must totter down into old age with no one to walk by my side and hold my hand."

There were born to us five children. Lottie, as we called the oldest daughter, married C. O. Walton, and one son, William Truett Walton, was born. Her husband died and Lottie and the little boy came home to live where he has grown up in my family and seems to me just as my own son. He is a noble young man and we are all proud of him.

I make my home with my son Harris on my old home farm, and I rejoice to say that Harris and his wife are just as good to me as it is possible for them to be. The Lord never gave to any man better children than he gave to me. The only trouble with them seems to be that each tries to do more for me than the others.

About eight years ago I broke down with rheumatism and for about two years I was almost helpless—I could not turn my self in bed, and Harris, my youngest son, being at that time unmarried, lay beside me every night, I think to turn and move me when I got tired lying in one position. And during that time if he had a single night of undisturbed rest I do not remember it, yet he never complained. I do most earnestly pray that the blessings promised to him who is good to his parents shall come to him.

My grandfather said that his father and mother were both members of the Episcopal Church when he could first remember and his father died a member of that church. His mother was highly educated for a woman of her day. Grandfather had a

Greek Testament he said belonged to her and that she could read it as well as he could read English. The old book was lost some way when he and grandmother moved to my father's house in 1858, or at least I never saw it after that. I regret more than I can express that it was not preserved, but I had no conception at that time of its value and I'm sure none of the family had.

Grandfather said when his mother's only daughter married a Baptist preacher she was very much hurt about it but when nothing else would do but marry, she consented. She said she would take her Greek Testament and show him his error, but to her very great surprise her Greek Testament convinced her that her Baptist son-in-law was right in his views on the subject of Church Government and Church Ordinances. And as a result of her investigations she and all her children who were Christians joined the Baptist Church. And from then until now, all the Pools descended from her that I have ever known, with a very very few exceptions, who have been members of any church have been members of a Baptist Church. With profoundest gratitude to God I rejoice to say that all my brothers and sisters were consistent members of a Baptist Church and so far as I know all of my nieces and nephews are Baptists. And I delight also to say that it has been my great delight to lead all my children to Christ. One of the sweetest anticipations I have is that when I carry my sheaves to lay at the feet of the Blessed Savior my children will all stand by my side and say, "This is he who was our father in yonder world and he led us to believe in Thee and trust in Thy blood for salvation."

The greatest blessing I wish for my children is that they shall all be humble, useful Christians, and not only my children but my grandchildren down to the remotest generations.

I do not covet the grave, I am fond of life. To me the grave is dark and repulsive and loathsome. I regard it as one of the bitterest fruits fallen upon humanity, as one of the results of sin. But I believe Christ came to save his people from all the consequences of sin, that he died and rose from the dead, he conquered the grave and destroyed death, and that all the dead in Christ shall be resurrected to a newness of life, that He will gather them to Himself in Heaven and crown them kings and priests unto our God and we shall live and reign with Him forever.

On the 10th day of January, 1870, when my first wife and I moved to ourselves and began housekeeping, I suggested that night before retiring that I would read some Scripture and have a word of prayer. The suggestion met with her hearty approval and so from then until now, I have made it a rule to pray at least once a day in my home. I am sure it has been a help to me

and my family in a religious way and I most earnestly recommend the custom to every man who has a family. I am sure it will make any man a better husband and father, for if he knows that his wife and children are going to hear him pray that night for the Lord to forgive the sins he has committed that day he will try to avoid sinning in their presence. And it will make any woman a better wife and mother, for if she knows she is going to kneel down that night with her children while her husband, their father, leads them in prayer for the forgiveness of all their sins, she will try to avoid sin. And it will make the children more obedient to their parents and kind to each other, for if they know they are going to hear their father pray for the Lord to bless them and take care of them and forgive their sins and help them to be good children, they will try harder to be obedient and kind to each other. I can say that after keeping it up for more than fifty years I would not now abandon the custom for any consideration in the world. It will have a good influence upon any one who is about your home, too. I have had several hired men in my home and every one, if he was not a Christian when he came, if I kept him as long as six months, joined the church before he left me. Several teachers have boarded in my home; two young ladies were not Baptists when they came, but they both joined the Baptist church soon after. And yet we did not argue one time with them about their church relations.

Conclusion

In writing the foregoing autobiography I have doubtless written some things of but little interest to the general reader. But if you knew how many things I have left unwritten, which were of vital, consuming interest to me, at the time of their happening, you would excuse me for all that I have written.

I have said very little about my mother's ancestors, except that her maiden name was Austin. Her father's name was Nathan Austin. He was a second cousin to Stephen F. Austin who was prominent in the early settlement of Texas. Grandfather Austin was reared in Chatham county, North Carolina. He died when I was very young, I remember seeing him only once or twice, hence from him I have no traditions about our family on mother's side. Rev. James Reed once told me that he was a man very much in advance of his age, and one of whom any grand son might well be proud. Grandmother Austin's maiden name was Teague. She died before my birth. I know nothing about her ancestors. My Austin grandparents reared a family of four sons and eight daughters. The sons all left North Carolina, hence the relatives of that name are now very few in that State.

Soon after the Civil War between the states a man named John Pool of Pasquotank county, North Crolina figured very prominently in political affairs in that State. My father said he supposed this man descended from his uncle Samuel Pool as he had heard my grandfather say that his brother Samuel settled in Pasquotank county.

Rev. Solomon Pool lived at Chapel Hill, North Carolina just after the Civil War and was president of the University of North Carolina for a time. He claimed to be a descendant of William Pool, and doubtless he was for my grandfather said two or three of his brothers settled in Central North Carolina.

I hope that no one will think me egotistic in what I have written but I trust that these pages may be helpful to my children, my relatives and to any others who may read this narrative.

By the author, W. A. Pool.

A Brief History of the Pool Family

I am undertaking in the following pages to give a brief history of my immediate family of Pools, the first part, as I remember it from my grandfather.

Reginald Pole was born about the year 1500. His mother was a niece of Edward IV; his father probably died when he was young, as we have never known anything about him. Pole was educated for the priesthood and during the reign of Henry VIII he disagreed with the king over the question of divorce, writing a book on divorce which filled the king with astonishment and rage. He ordered Pole to appear before him to answer for his deed. This Pole refused to do and told the king to reply to the book if he wished to; so the Bishop of Durham undertook the task. Pole's motive in thus breaking with the King was a political one, for he knew that the people were dissatisfied with Henry and he hoped to be the leader of the party who would dethrone him and put Edward IV on the throne.

At the death of Pope Paul III, Reginald Pole was elected, by a majority of votes, Pope. But he was never allowed to take his seat, being accused of heresy. The King became so enraged at Pole that he ordered, about the year 1541, his mother and brothers put into prison and they were soon all executed on a charge of treason except the youngest brother who escaped and went to Wales, changed his name from that of Pole to Pool, married and reared a family. About the year 1740 two of his grandsons came to the Colony of Virginia in the King's Army. When their term of service expired they remained in the Colonies. Their names were, respectively, William and Alexander Pool.

Alexander Pool went into Pennsylvania and settled. William Pool settled in Virginia near the present city of Petersburg. He married a young lady named Ward at William and Mary's College, and reared a family of eight sons and one daughter. The oldest son was with Washington in the Revolutionary War and was killed, or died about the time of the surrender at Yorktown. The father, William Pool, who was my great grandfather, died soon after. Then about the year 1785-90 his wife, with her remaining children, moved to Randolph Co. North Carolina, where the daughter married a Baptist minister named Swanson. The sons scattered out over central and eastern North Carolina, except one, who went to Georgia and one to South Carolina. The youngest son, Jesse, who was my grandfather, and Miss Elizabeth King were married in 1795 in Randolph Co. N. C., then moved to what is now Alexander Co., N. C., where they reared a family

of three sons and one daughter, namely, James, Jesse, William and Terah. Aunt Terah married Daniel Presnall. I know nothing of my grandmother's ancestors except that I have heard her people came from Maryland to Randolph Co., N. C. My grandfather died March 22, 1860 and my grandmother died August 27, 1863.

My father, William Pool, was their youngest child. He was born January 3, 1807. He married April 30, 1829, a relative of Stephen F. Austin, Miss Mary Austin, born July 13, 1809, living always in Alexander Co., N. C., where they reared a family of six sons and five daughters, namely: Nancy March 3, 1830, Nathan Austin June 19, 1831, Naoma Ruth December 29, 1832, Elizabeth Feb. 16, 1835, Rebecca Oct. 2, 1836, Jesse Simpson Dec. 27, 1838 who died Feb. 22, 1857, James Benjamin April 26, 1842, Terah Isabella March 17, 1843, Christopher Columbus, April 26, 1845, William Alexander May 17, 1847, Daniel Wilson June 21, 1851. The two oldest daughters died in childhood. My mother died August 4, 1865. Father then married Miss Rebecca Hendren in 1869. To them were born two sons, John Jabez Hicks February 15, 1870, and Edward Elzie March 14, 1875.

Nathan Austin Pool and Miss Mary A. Burgess were married November 4, 1858. They reared a family of seven sons and two daughters, namely: Wade Hill, Charles Burke, Joseph Samuel, James William, John Russel, who died Feb. 9, 1920, Robert Hall who died July 13, 1891, Sarah Elizabeth, Mary Josephine, and Jesse Burgess.

Wade Hill Pool and Miss Laura Puryear were married Dec. 10, 1890 near Weatherford, Texas. Nine children were born to them: Carrie Virginia, Laura Josephine (died Sept. 3, 1901), Wade Hardeman, Mary Belle, Nathan Austin, Charles Puryear, Miriam Helen, Louis Burgess, Seymour Horace.

Miss Carrie Virginia Pool and Prof. Alison P. Hickson were married September 9, 1914.

Miss Mary Belle Pool and Lieut. Eugene Carter Bell were married June 2, 1918. Lieut. Bell gave his life for his country in the Meuse-Argonne Battle in France Nov. 1, 1918.

Wade Hardeman Pool and Miss Evelyn Parsons were married Nov. 1, 1923.

Wade Hill Pool graduated from Baylor University June 1887 with the A. B. degree, attended Harvard University in 1903, Columbia University in 1909; received the A. M. degree from Baylor University in June 1907. In the years 1887-88 he taught in the public schools of Tarrant Co., Texas, was Superintendent of Pub-

lic Instruction in Tarrant Co. 1888-92 when he resigned to accept a position as teacher in Baylor University, and is still teaching in that institution.

Charles Burke Pool and Miss Cordelia Grimmett were married Nov. 26, 1885. To them were born two sons and two daughters: Nathan Burke, deceased, Olin Macklin, Laura and Lora. Cordelia Grimmett Pool died April 22, 1895. Charles Burke Pool and Miss Orie Wolff were married December 15, 1904. To them were born: Raymond, Ruby and Clint Wolff.

Olin Macklin Pool and Miss Mae Rape were married January 4, 1914. To them were born: Charles Burke, Mary Elizabeth and Olin Russell.

Miss Laura Pool and Mr. J. Young Martin were married July 28, 1915. To them were born: Howard Truett, Elizabeth Cordelia, and Charles Gid.

Miss Lora Pool and Mr. Mack Rape were married November 25, 1915. To them was born: Tressie Ann.

Joseph Samuel Pool and Miss Nettie Williams were married April 12, 1899. To them were born: Elsie, Winnie, Linton, and John Russell. Miss Elsie Pool and Mr. Floyd Golden married in 1922.

James William Pool and Miss Alice Walker were married November 29, 1892, To them were born: Maudie Lee, who died September 24, 1894, Everett Newton, Floyd Elbert, Mary Elizabeth, and Eula Alberta.

Everett Newton Pool and Miss Edna Williams were married June 2, 1918. To them was born: Edith Lurlene.

Floyd Elbert Pool and Miss Vinita Switzer were married February 2, 1919. To them was born: Margaret Janette.

Miss Mary Elizabeth Pool and Mr. George N. Rodgers were married October 12, 1920. To them was born: Frances Elizabeth.

Miss Sarah Elizabeth Pool and Mr. J. W. Doherty were married March 31, 1897. To them were born: Austin Yates, David Pool, Mary Delia, Emma Beth, Laura Josephine.

Miss Mary Josephine Pool and Mr. J. J. Lummus were married December 26, 1901. To them were born: Mary, Rhea, Nathan, Maude, Charlie Wadd.

Jesse Burgess Pool and Miss Donnie Miller were married February 7, 1906. To them were born: Oran Joe, Jessie Miller.

Miss Elizabeth Pool and Mr. Hicks Hendren were married August 25, 1857. To them were born: James William, John Jabez, Mary, Rebecca Charlotte, who died in infancy, Petrolia Arabella. Hicks Hendren was accidentally killed in his mill January 9, 1870. August 29, 1875, Elizabeth Pool Hendren and Mr. David Williams were married. To them were born: Jessie Amanda and Wade Hampton.

John Jabez Hendren and Miss S. Pearlia Linney were married July 1888. To them were born: Paul, Mary Elizabeth, Rochelle, William Linney (deceased), John Stephenson (deceased).

James William Hendren and Miss Isadore Linney were married December 29, 1892. To them was born: Dorcas. Mrs. Isadore Linney Hendren died December 16, 1919.

Miss Mary Hendren and W. W. Gryder wre married Sept. 25 1881. To them were born Espy Geneva, C. Harlan, Edgar Loftin and Evona Wilma.

C. Harlan Gryder and Miss Isla Watt were married January 4, 1918.

Solomon Barnett and Miss Petrolia Arabella Hendren were married December 24, 1884.

Issac Smith and Miss Jessie Williams were married February 27, 1895.

Wade Hampton Williams and Miss Lucy Rebecca Linney were married January 2, 1901. To them were born: Eugene, Mabel and Elizabeth.

P. L. Gryder and Miss Rebecca Pool were married Dec. 21, 1854. To them were born: Mary Elizabeth, Jesse Leroy, Susan, William and Nathan.

Carroll Green married Miss Mary Elizabeth Gryder, and Adam Green married Miss Susan Gryder.

Jesse Leander Gryder and Miss Lucretia White Farthing were married December 21, 1883. To them were born: Mary Annie, Rebecca Florence, and Nettie Enola.

Joe E. Wilson and Miss Mary Annie Gryder were married December 28, 1910. To them were born: Claude and Lynn.

Lon Fox and Miss Rebecca Florence Gryder were married July 15, 1916. Rebecca Florence Gryder Fox died July 9, 1917.

Rev. James Benjamin Pool and Miss Elizabeth Jane Teague were married August 22, 1865. To them were born: Nola, Oscar Fabian Fitzhugh, Osmond Fairworth, Effie and Iva May. The daughters died young.

Oscar F. F. Pool and Miss Margaret Isabella Montgomery were married Nov. 6, 1890. To them were born: Cecil Maye, James Montgomery, Elizabeth Adeline, Florence Alma, Hobart McKinley, Margaret Lorene, Effie Edna, Wilma Helen and Tanna Genette.

Oscar F. F. Pool's children married:

Miss Cecil Maye Pool and Oscar Wilson Mackie were married June 30, 1910. To them were born: Howard Wilson, Jennie Maye, Mary Margaret.

James Montgomery Pool and Miss Euna Teague were married Nov. 8, 1913. To them were born: Margaret Robena, James Montgomery, Jr., Jarvis Clinton, Hope and Oscar.

Miss Florence Alma Pool and Bonnie Gordon Rowe were married May 23, 1921. To them was born: Bonnie Gordon Rowe, Jr. Mr. Rowe was quite distinguished during the World War as a "Dare Devil" aviator.

Osmond F. Pool and Miss Mattie Elmeta Watts were married Dec. 25, 1895. To them were born: John Butler—died July 10, 1897, Wm. Romulus, Mamie Leona—died Feb. 11, 1902, Rayford Fairworth and Theodore Roosevelt.

Rev. D. B. Brown and Miss Terah Isabella Pool were married February 20, 1868. To them were born: Mary Cora, Rebecca Elizabeth, Victoria Grace, who died in infancy, Lillie Ellen, William Jesse, Daniel Edwin, Emma Jane, Nora Belle, Samuel Pool and James Nathan, who died Jan. 19, 1909.

Major McCarty and Miss Mary Cora Brown were married November 9, 1890. To them were born: Stella, George Truett, Bertha, Wade Hill, David, Frank, Mabel, Lola Belle, Jennie Louis and Howard. No information was obtained in regard to the marriages or present residences of these children.

John J. Williams and Miss Rebecca Elizabeth Brown were married October 13, 1888. To them were born: Wm. Jesse, Thomas Henry, Samuel Brown, Claudia, Jettie, Olin, David, James, Jake, Joe. Mrs. Williams died December 1917.

William Jesse Williams married Miss Mary Goins.

Samuel Brown Williams married Miss Grace Goins.

Robert Brown married Miss Claudia Williams.

John Wilson married Miss Jettie Williams.

R. M. Glenn and Miss Lillie Ellen Brown were married December 19, 1895. To them were born: Richard Elbert and Clara Belle.

Richard Elbert Glenn and Miss Edna Turk were married December 7, 1916. To them were born, Richard Elbert, Jr. and Mary Jean.

Rev. Roger A. Pryor and Miss Clara Belle Glenn were married October 29, 1920. To them was born: Roger Glenn.

William Jesse Brown and Miss Jimmie Holdridge were married December 18, 1895. To them were born: Bernice, Jessie, Ethel, Edgar, Floyd, William Ray, Edna May and Edith Fay.

Daniel Edwin Brown and Miss Rose Bishop were married July 6, 1905. To them were born: Wilda Ailene, Ruth, Howard Edwin, Louise, Jack, Dorothy.

Louis Savage and Miss Emma Jane Brown were married February 2, 1910. To them were born: Edgar and Lois. Mr. Savage was killed by lightning February 12, 1912, and on March 22, 1916, Mr. Sam Fields and Mrs. Emma Jane Brown Savage were married. To them were born: Rachael Cleone, Nella Belle.

Mr. Jesse G. Estes and Miss Nora Belle Brown were married October 10, 1899. To them were born: James Grahm, Wayne Austin, Ruby, Marvin Brown and Helen.

Samuel Pool Brown and Miss Myrtle Moore were married December 24, 1908. To them were born: Nancy Fay Belle, Samuel Roy, James Norman, Guy Malcolm, Mary Ailene, Richard Lloyd and Doris June.

Rev. Christopher Columbus Pool and Miss Sarah Adeline Hudson were married September 1, 1871. To them were born: William Ulrich Hudson, Thomas Ross, Mary Hicks, Lee Waite, Meredith Cote, Crawford Toy, Caroline Elizabth Adeline, Naoma Eva Belle, Harriet Elma, Frances Gertrude, Clarence Columbus.

None of their marriages and children's names have been received.

Rev. William Alexander Pool and Miss Sarah Arispia Drumm were married December 16, 1869. To them were born: Theodosia Petrolia, Dora Belle, Robert Hicks, who died December 4, 1896, Howard, who died in infancy. Sarah Arispia Drumm Pool died August 7, 1877. Rev. W. A. Pool and Miss Lillie Dale Matheson were married March 12, 1878. To them were born: Mary Lauretta, Lillie Gertrude, William Gurley, Theresa Jennie, Nathan Harris.

W. C. Kitchen and Miss Theodosia Petrolia Pool were married June 21, 1894. To them were born: Edna, Ila, Irene, Cora and Carr Pool.

C. A. Deal and Miss Dora Belle Pool were married December 21, 1892. To them were born: Bertha Petrolia, Annie Lilla, Sadie, Robert Campbell, George Pinkney, Willa Pool, Paul, Dwight Brown, Hal Walton, Dorothy Fay.

Charles Olney Walton and Miss Mary Lauretta Pool were married September 26, 1897. To them was born: Wm. Truett. C. O. Walton died August 26, 1901.

Mary Lauretta Pool Walton died May 27, 1912. Rev. William Truett Walton and Miss Jaunita Sibyl Tubb were married Dec. 21, 1923.

John H. Williams and Miss Lillie Gertrude Pool were married February 6, 1907. To them were born five children, all of whom died in infancy.

William Gurley Pool and Miss Beulah Moore were married December 25, 1913. To them were born one son, who died in infancy, and one daughter, Dorothy Henrietta.

Nathan Harris Pool and Miss Euna McInturf were married December 25, 1917. To them were born: W. A. Jr., and Elizabeth Jane.

Rev. Daniel Wilson Pool and Miss Charlotte Refina Williams were married March 1, 1876. To them were born: Carrie Virginia, Bertha, Frederick, Florence, Felix McDonald, Willie Fay, James Ralph, Ruby Mae, and Daniel Edwin. The children have married as follows: Bertha married Lloyd Bowman; Florence married Rev. William Ernest Linney; Fay married Gardner Beckett; Frederick married Miss Eva Greene; McDonald married Miss Mabel Bowman; Ralph married Miss Eva Walker.

John Jabez Hicks Pool and Miss Lula Johnson were married February 21, 1894. To them were born: William Samuel, Fred Bryan, Martha Rebecca and Clay Alexander. Mrs. Lula Johnson Pool died July 19, 1900. Clay Alexander Pool died January 11, 1901. J. J. H. Pool and Miss Texie Bowman were married April 10, 1904. To them were born: Julius Burrell, Katherine Belle, and Ruby Vivian.

Anthony Geracie and Miss Martha Rebecca Pool were married December 29, 1919.

William Samuel Pool and Miss Helen Avarill were married April 30, 1921.

Elza Edward Pool and Miss Minnie Catherine Ellis were married February 20, 1898. To them were born: James David, Willie Ellis, Carley Parks, Sara Elizabeth, Charles Josiah, Sue Belle, Mary Lee, Lydia May, Walter Watts, and Wade Hampton.

James David Pool and Miss Nora Lizzie Millsaps were married December 20, 1920.

Owing to the fact that the families mentiond in the preceding pages have become widely separated some items have been omitted from this record which no doubt would have given added interest if they could have been secured. The author has been greatly assisted in necessary correspondence, in collecting data, and in the preparation of the manuscript for the preceding pages by his daughter, Miss Jennie Pool, a teacher in the Fort Worth City Schools.

Generous relatives and indulgent friends will pardon any errors or omissions which may be discovered in these brief notes.

W. A. Pool